ASGARD FELL. THE GODS STAND IN DISARRAY.

FROM BEYOND THE NINE WORLDS—FROM OUTSIDE THE WORLD TREE THAT BINDS THEM ALL—DARK GODS HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO US. SLAUGHTERING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE NINE REALMS, THEY HAVE DRIVEN CREATURES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO SEEK PROTECTION FROM THE NORSE GODS...THOUGH THEY CANNOT EVEN PROTECT THEMSELVES.

QUANTUM COSMOLOGIST DR. ERIC SOLVANG HAS TRIED TO WARN THE ILL-PREPARED ASGARDIANS OF THEIR IMPENDING DOOM. BUT HIS WORDS FELL ON DEAF EARS. NOW, ON THE PRECIPICE OF DISASTER, HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF BROXTON, FRANTICALLY TRYING TO SAVE ITS RESIDENTS AND REFUGEES ALIKE FROM THE CURRENT MAELSTROM.

MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF THE OTHER ASGARDIANS, THOR HAS RESURRECTED HIS BROTHER LOKI, WHO HAS RETURNED TO MIDGARD AS A CHILD. LOKI, RESPONSIBLE IN HIS PREVIOUS INCARNATION FOR THE FALL OF ASGARD, IS STILL UNTRUSTED.

TO PREPARE ASGARD FOR THE ONCOMING BATTLE WITH THE WORLD EATERS, THOR HAS ALSO AWOKEN HIS FATHER, ODIN, THE ALL-FATHER, THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS. ODIN WISHED TO STAY AT REST. THAT THOR HAS MADE SUCH A MESS OF THINGS ENRAGES HIM.

AND YET, THE CHILDREN OF ODIN NEED HIM.

IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, WITH THE ASGARDIANS' CHANCES LOOKING BLEAK, WITH THE SKY RAINING BLOOD, WITH MAN AND GOD ALIKE QUAKING IN TERROR, ODIN CHANNELS AN ANCIENT WAR MAGIC. AS THE GROUND SOFTENS WITH BLOOD THAT FALLS FROM THE SKY, THOR AND HIS BRETHREN ALL SINK BENEATH THE EARTH, AND RISE UP FROM IT, MASSIVE AND POWERFUL, INCARNATED AS THE ASGARDIAN BLOOD LEGION.

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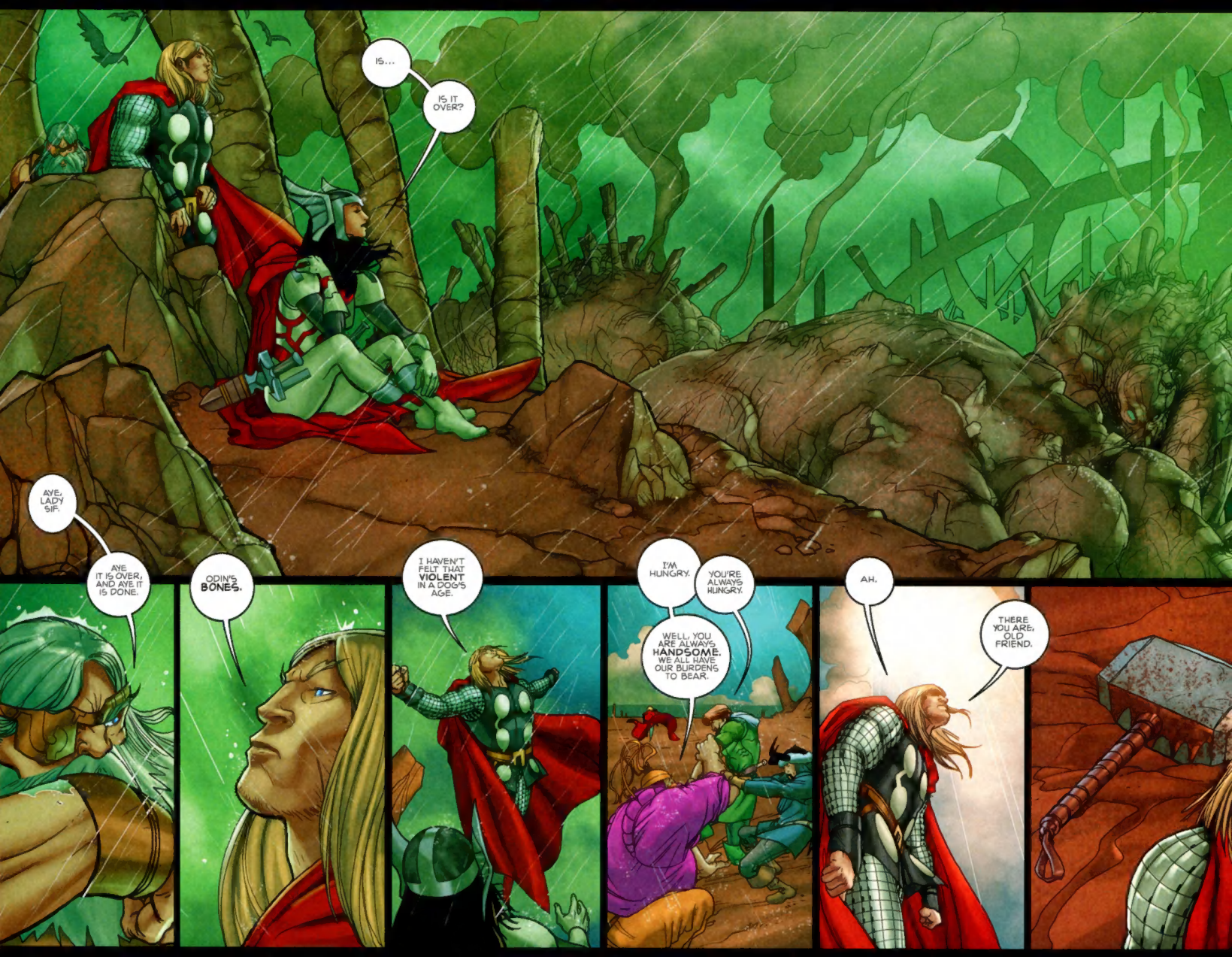
YOU--YOUR RACE--
YOU'RE AN INFECTION.
TTHH OOOOG GCKK--
ENTITLED AND EMPOWERED--
--THINK THAT SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU EXIST--
--THAT YOU DESERVE TO BE HEEDED AND FEARED?
YOU ARE NOT GODS, YOU'RE PARA-SITES!
GG GRRR RAAA AAA
AAAAA AAAAA AAA!!!
SSPUUTH--
AAAA. AAAA.
IF I AM AN INFECTION-- YOU ARE THE INFECTED!
I AM YOUR LORD AND MASTER.
YOU MAY CALL ME GOD NOW.
PTTHHTOO
NO--
NO!

AAAA

CAME THE DAY THAT A MARAUDING RACE LOCKED OUTSIDE OF SPACE AND TIME SEIZED THE WORLD TREE ITSELF.
THEY WANTED TO DWELL IN THE GENTLE SHADOW CAST BY ITS ALL-REACHING BRANCHES.
'TWAS NOT TO BE.
FOR THEN THERE CAME THE DAY THE SON OF ODIN CLEAVED THE WORLD TREE IN TWAIN.
THE WORLD EATERS MAY HAVE SUMMONED THE TREE FORTH, BUT IT WAS THOR THAT WOULD KEEP IT HERE.

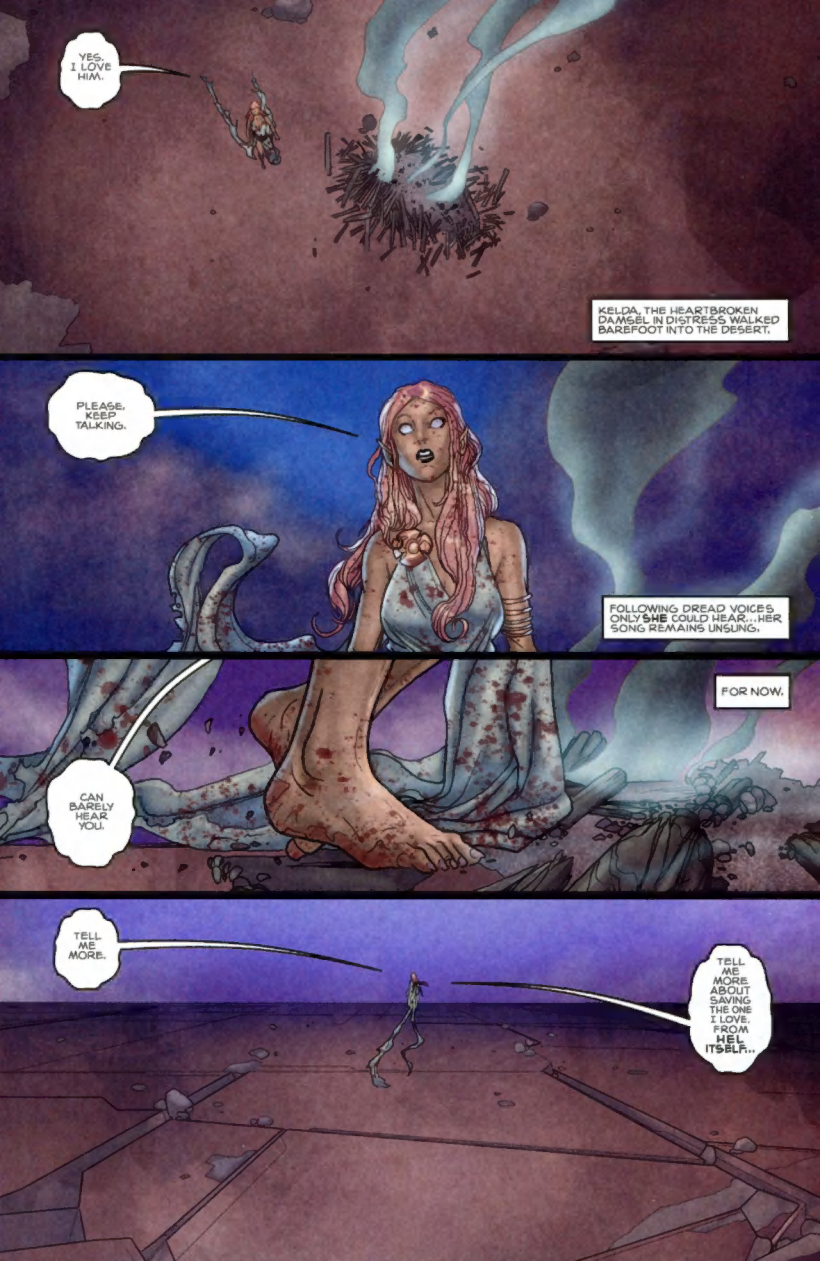
AND RENDERED THUS, THE INVADERS FOUND THEMSELVES TRAPPED INSIDE THE VERY THING THEY HAD SOUGHT TO CONQUER.
TRAPPED BY ITS RULES. AND ITS GODS.
THE WORLD TREE WAS GIVEN SOMETHING IT HAD NOT HAD SINCE IT FIRST TOOK ROOT AND GREW:
A FIXED POSITION.
WOUNDED PROFOUNDLY, IT SOUGHT TO CLEANSE ITSELF OF ALL IMPURITIES SO THAT IT MIGHT HEAL.
GOOD RIDDANCE.
THE SOLDIERS OF ASGARD KNEELED BEFORE YGGDRASIL AND WERE CLEANSED.
THEY HAD WON THE WAR OF THE WORLD ASH...

OH... OH, MY...
IS IT...
IS IT ALWAYS GOING TO LOOK LIKE THAT NOW?


IS...
IS IT OVER?
AYE, LADY SIF.
AYE. IT IS OVER, AND AYE IT IS DONE.
ODIN'S BONES.
I HAVEN'T FELT THAT VIOLENT IN A DOG'S AGE.
I'M HUNGRY.
YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY.
WELL, YOU ARE ALWAYS HANDSOME. WE ALL HAVE OUR BURDENS TO BEAR.
AH.
THERE YOU ARE, OLD FRIEND.

FOR ASGARD !!!
WHOA.
IT'S OKAY.
IT'LL BE OKAY.
LOKI, DON'T GO WANDERING OFF.

"THOR BROUGHT YOU BACK, LOKI.
"HE LOVES YOU.
"AND THAT MEANS HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...
"HE'LL ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF YOU."


YES. I LOVE HIM.
KELDA, THE HEARTBROKEN DAMSEL IN DISTRESS WALKED BAREFOOT INTO THE DESERT.
PLEASE. KEEP TALKING.
FOLLOWING DREAD VOICES ONLY SHE COULD HEAR...HER SONG REMAINS UNSUNG.
FOR NOW.
CAN BARELY HEAR YOU.
TELL ME MORE.
TELL ME MORE ABOUT SAVING THE ONE I LOVE. FROM HEL ITSELF...

"...TELL ME MORE ABOUT SAVING SOMEONE FROM HEL."
MY LORD! WE LIVE!
ARISE, MY LORD!
ARISE AND SURVEY YOUR NEW KINGDOM!
YOUR --AH-- YOUR MAGNIFICENT DOMAIN OF--
PHANTO.
SHUT UP.
WHAT IS THIS NOTHING PLACE?
SOMEHOW, SIRE... BY ATTACKING THE QUANTUM BRIDGE WE'D BEEN MARAUDING ACROSS...THEY TRAPPED US IN THEIR SPACE.
THEY TRAPPED US IN A UNIVERSE OF THEIR RULES.
THEIR LAWS.
THAT MAKES US VULNERABLE, PHANTO.

WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS.
THOSE ASGARDIANS DON'T KNOW HOW TO QUIT...
HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THAT, M'LORD!
AYE, TYR. HE IS AT THAT--
VILLAINS! BEHOLD YOUR ETERNAL RECKONING!
ALL HAIL THE LAST KING OF ASGARD.